

A THRILLING "PROPHETIC" DRAMA!

PS 635
Z9L 2567

ENTITLED,

THE SOCIAL WAR OF 1900;

OR,

THE CONSPIRATORS AND LOVERS!

IN FIVE ACTS.

BY SIMON MOHLER LANDIS, M. D.

AUTHOR OF SEVERAL POPULAR PHYSIOLOGICAL WORKS AND NOVELS.



PRINTED BUT NOT PUBLISHED!

By The Author at his Medical Institution, 13 N. 11th St.,

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

1874.

THE PLOT

OF THE THRILLING "PROPHETIC" DRAMA.

THE SOCIAL WAR OF THE YEAR 1900.

BY SIMON M. LANDIS, M. D.

DR. VICTOR JUNO, the hero, is a bold, fearless health-reformer, who proposes to "look through Nature, up to Nature's God;" who has for years lectured in favor of the scientific improvement of the human race, and against the corruptions in Church and State; and who becomes very offensive to the leaders in high positions. Gen. Armington, is an orthodox Christian and Millionaire, who has an only child—Miss LUCINDA ARMINGTON—and Dr. Juno becomes the accepted lover of Miss Armington, and the rival of DEACON ROB STEW, who is a most villainous and conniving hypocrite, and who has immense influence in the Protestant Church, which he uses for his own selfish purposes; hence, he connives with Rev. Joe Pier, Miss Nancy Clover, and many others, for the purpose of destroying Dr. Juno's influence and life, if necessary; finally the conflict becomes gigantic on both sides.

Deacon Stew and his co-conspirators abduct Dr. Juno and Miss Armington and cast them into separate dungeons in the Insane Asylum, where it is intended Juno shall die, whilst the Deacon continually visits Miss Armington in her cell, making overtures of marriage to her, peaceably if she accepts, but forcibly if she refuses. Juno manages to escape, learns the whereabouts of his lady-love, organizes the "Secret Order of Naturalists," makes revolutionary public speeches, advocating the rights of the working people, raises a faithful band of followers, mobs the Insane Asylum, rescues Miss Armington, after which the conflict grows hotter and hotter. The Naturalists, constituting the people, now being in full blast against the Conspirators; the latter have yet control of Church and State, and to save themselves, bribe Congress and have God recognized in the Constitution of the United States, so that they may destroy the Naturalists. This overt act arouses the "working people" all over the land, when a gigantic Social War takes place. The Naturalists conquer, and Dr. Juno and Miss Armington are happy, whilst an entire new era dawns for mankind!

TO MANAGERS.

GENTLEMEN:—I have always advocated the doctrine, in all my lectures, sermons and writings, that the "STAGE" should be the moral school-teacher; and that by producing historical, local and instructive plays, the auditors would learn more in a few hours than could be obtained from books in weeks. That a play can be instructive, sensational, thrilling and humorous; thereby combining all the qualifications to exercise the various thinking faculties, and still not overstep the modesty of nature, whilst giving the greatest gratification to the audience.

In the "Social War of 1900," I have endeavored to combine these qualifications, and have introduced such lessons as the hour of the times demand, and I feel assured that when this drama is skilfully rendered, it will arouse the lethargic faculties of the community and do much good, as it has already done where it has been produced.

I am open for STAR ENGAGEMENTS in first-class Theaters. S. M. LANDIS, M. D.
ADDRESS ME No. 13 N. 11TH ST., Phila., Pa., or Col. T. Allston Brown, N. Y. City.

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Mesmer, the Terror of the Rich; Sense and Nonsense; Secrets of Generation; Key
to Love; Dramatic Orations on the Devil; &c., &c., &c.

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 FOR PLOT, &c., SEE COVER.

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CAST OF CHARACTERS.—[SOCIAL WAR OF 1900.]

DR. VICTOR JUNO, the Hero, a bold, scientific, fearless Reformer.
MISS LUCINDA ARMINGTON, the Heroine, a woman who can stand alone.

GEN. WASHINGTON ARMINGTON, a genuine Christian and millionaire.

PAT O'CONNER, a shrewd, humorous Irishman.

DEACON ROB STEW, most villainous, cunning hypocrite.

REV. JOE PIER, a (comically) cowardly pharisee.

DR. TOY PANCY, a vile, old-fogy doctor.

PHYSICIAN-IN-CHIEF of Insane Asylum, a hypocrite.

MR. GRUMBLER, a fearless Conspirator.

GEN. ORTHOD, Commander of Conspirators' Army.

CAPTAIN SAVAGE, a Conspirator.

COL. STUCKUP, a Conspirator.

HON. BLUSTER GIBBONS, Conspirators' Prosecuting Attorney.

GEORGE,
WILLIAM,
JEMMY,
NIGHT WATCHMAN, } Servants of Insane Asylum.

NANCY CLOVER, a dare-devil and cunning viper.

JUDY McCREA, an honest Irish girl.

SERVANTS, WITNESSES, SOLDIERS, &c.

COSTUMES—PERIOD, 1900*

Costumes modern, until the war begins, when the Army of the Naturalists are to be dressed in Gray, and the Army of the Conspirators in Blue, in imitation of U. S. Army.

TMP96-007153

THE SOCIAL WAR

OF

1900;

OR,

THE CONSPIRATORS AND LOVERS.

ACT. I.

SCENE I.—*The Conspirators meet in Tabernacle Hall, in Sacredly Secret Conclave, Prest. JOE PIER in the chair. Discovered. [Groove 1.]*

Deacon Rob Stew. Mr. President, I have a very important matter to lay before you, which requires immediate action, and I hope that the brotherhood is ready to use any means to accomplish what I propose. Should there be any chicken-hearted brothers or sisters present, I move that they be expelled.

Mr. Grumbler. [*Jumping to his feet, said roughly.*] Mr. President, our deacon is too imperious, and I shall oppose such broad cast dictation. If *he* don't trust us, neither shall *we* return the compliment.

Dea. S. Stop, Mr. Grumbler, you are a suspicious and faithless fool, who is not to be trusted with any important work. I say, EMPHATICALLY, Mr. President, that brother Grumbler shall at once leave the room.

Prest. Joe Pier. I will leave this matter to the majority of the friends.

Nancy Clover. Brothers, I am grieved at your silly conduct; are we not a unit? does not a house divided against itself fall? and shall we quarrel amongst ourselves, whilst a dangerous enemy is entering into our family, who, if his course is not summarily checked, will destroy our influence, and beloved cause entirely?

Prest. P. I now call for the question, and plans of Deacon Stew.

Dea. S. Beloved Saints, we are the elect, and it behooves us to use any means to keep innovators and reprobates away from our path! *First*, we shall use moderate, but effectual means! if, however, they fail, we shall, *Secondly*, drive the bullet or dagger to the inner recesses of the heart of the defiler of the brotherhood!

There is a man in our midst, who has always held sentiments antagonistic to, and dangerously at variance with, our common cause;

who has gained great influence in the family of our most heroic and wealthy co-laborer—I mean the family of General Armington!

This innovator by some act of his, has obtained access to the heart and home of the General, and aims to obtain the hand of Miss Lucinda Armington, which, should he be successful, would ruin our peace, comfort and safety, in all time to come!

Brothers and sisters, do you comprehend our condition? and do you swear renewed allegiance to our cause and the work I propose?

Disciples. We do.

[*All have sworn.*]

Dea. S. You have renewed your vows, and I can now confide my bloody plans to your heads and hands! therefore, we shall at once dispatch this sacrilegious innovator, whose very name curdles my blood, and fits me to do such bitter business as would cause the devil to quake.

Prest. P. Beloved Saints, we certainly have arduous duties to perform, and they are of such a character as to cause me to tremble in my boots, unless the most zealous followers of the craft are selected to enact the work now in contemplation; I should be happy to hear the plan of Deacon Stew, whilst Mr. Grumbler will be dispatched to summon Dr. Toy Pancy, to come with him instantly to this hall.

Dea. S. It gives me much joy to be able to propose an *effectual* plan for the speedy removal of that enemy to the elect. I have been chosen by General Armington to select a physician for this man Juno, and, if we can induce the physician whom our worthy President just sent for, to slyly administer some fatal drug to this great admirer of heathendom, I am convinced that our task will be easy. Beloved Saints, it is always wiser and better to pray much, long and often in public, as it shuts up the eyes completely of many wordlings, and in fact, makes some or most of our own members, and other christians, more respectful to, and confiding in us.

N. C. The noble and indomitable brother Rob Stew, has given us all that could be desired, even from an angel; therefore, I rise to say amen to it all.

Enter MR. GRUMBLER and DR. TOY PANCY.

Prest. P. Brother Pancy, we are delighted to see you with us upon such short notice.

Dr. T. Pancy. At your service brethren! what is your pleasure?

Dea. S. Dear Doctor, we have a *most* important little job for you, which requires perfect secrecy and great shrewdness! Our worthy President has selected you, as the most trustworthy and able physician of the brotherhood, to do what has been planned by us.

Dr. P. Brethren, I assure our most excellent President that I appreciate his confidence, which he has so liberally placed in the skill and trustworthiness of my humble self, and I assure him, that if it is in my power, I shall perform whatever task is assigned me.

Prest. P. May the blessing of the saints continually abide with so faithful a disciple; Deacon Stew will give you your instructions privately.

Dr. P. Certainly, your reverence!

Pres. P. Deacon Stew will now conduct the Doctor into the ante-room, and explain his work.

SCENE II.—*General Armington's Mansion. Bed Chamber of Miss Lucinda Armington, reclining on lounge, who is sick.*

Enter DEACON ROB STEW and the GENERAL. [*Groove 2.*]

Dea. S. General I am deeply grieved at the sad story of this young physician, as well as being sorrowful to find your noble daughter sick after such a Providential escape; it is my heartfelt prayer that all may come right very speedily.

Miss Lucinda Armington. Thank you, I am sure the excellent young gentleman, who has been so brave and unselfish, will soon be restored to health.

Gen. A. Daughter, I am delighted to hear you express your self so kindly toward this heroic gentleman, for you seldom have anything favorable to say of the male gender.

Dea. S. Accursed be her tongue. [*Aside.*] Certainly, Miss Armington could not feel otherwise toward a man who saved her life, for he must be a brave and worthy(?) creature.

Miss A. Thanks, Deacon Stew, I am not ungrateful; moreover, dear Father, I feel that we should employ the best medical talent to save Mr. Juno, from a tedious and protracted illness.

Gen. A. You are very thoughtful, my darling. Brother Stew, you would be the ablest man to select a good *pious* doctor, as I believe greatly in the virtue of grace.

Dea. S. General, your wisdom and christian worth charm me, and I know a very eminent christian physician, who never fails in the fulfilment of anything that he undertakes.

Miss A. Father, why should not I be equally brave and determined to save Victor Juno's life, as he was to save mine, when our horses ran away.

Gen. A. My darling, I should be pleased to see you use every effort to do so, and the Deacon has selected Dr. Toy Pancy to attend Victor Juno. Dr. Pancy is an honorable, christian physician of great ability.

Dea. S. Miss Lucinda, I hope you are pleased with my selection of a physician for your courageous(?) young saviour. I mean, Mr. Juno. [*contemptuously.*]

Miss A. Deacon, I am very much indebted to you for going to so much trouble.

Dea. S. My Dear Miss Lucinda, you do not understand me, I have not felt it was the least trouble to serve you, or this young gentleman.

Miss A. I am glad that I have not asked too much of you; but, when I come to think, it was not my intention to have you select a physician, but it was father's doings, who has such unfeigned confidence in your worth and goodness.

Dea. S. I appreciate this compliment, and shall endeavor to merit it.

SCENE III.—*Piazza of GEN. ARMINGTON'S Residence.*

Enter DEACON ROB STEW from the Residence, and PAT O' CONNER from L.
[Groove 1.]

Dea. S. Pat, how do you find things to-day? have you heard anything lately of this Mr. Juno?

Pat O' Conner. Shurely, yer honor must know more than I doos of what am agoin' on in this house, or at Mr. Juno's plaze; ye are a cunnin' gintleman; be jabers, ye mak' hay, I belave, while the sun shines. Will yer honor have the graciousness to kape my sacret away from Miss Armington?

Dea. S. Pat, never fear me; but, to convince you of my trustworthiness, I will tell *you* a great secret, if you promise to hold it sacred and will serve me.

O' C. Och! murdher, yer honor, don't be a placin me on an aquality wid your holy self; I am only a poer workin' Irishman; howsomever, I kin kape sacrets, I warrant ye, an' if I kin sarve ye, will do it widout tanks.

Dea. S. I believe you Pat, and as you confided in me, without solicitation on my part, I will now return the compliment, and tell you that I hate that Victor Juno. He is a heathen, a heretic, and an impudent innovator; and, although, good Pat, you and I do not agree in religion exactly, yet we are Christians, whom this Mr. Juno tries to undermine and ruin by his worldly notions; therefore, Pat, will you help us to put him where he belongs?

O' C. Well, yer honor, I bees at yer sarvice to do anything that bees not too indacent, an' I am atinkin' where this Juno chap belongs; will yer honor plaze tell me? [*Pat looks quizzically.*]

Dea. S. Why sir, he belongs to the ground from whence he came, and I have a plan at work that will place him forever beyond stepping into my or your path.

O' C. Och! Howly Moses, I smell a mighty big rat, or I'm no man. [*Aside.*] Yer honor knows what's best; an' I'll be sacret an' sarve ye in any way, but here comes Judy McCrea, so good day to yer honor. [*Exit Deacon R. Stew.*]

O' C. Judy Darlin', an' I have a sacret to confide to yer bossom, could I but fail sartin that me darlin' could kape a dredful sacret.

Judy McCrea. Why Pat, ye spakes like a crazy man; do ye tink I've becom a tratress an' vaggabone, an' have ye lost fathe in yer Judy?

O' C. No, me darlin', be me sowl ye air accusin' of me wrongly; howsomever I hav a monstros sacret to tell ye, an' if ye promise to kape it good, I will give it ye, an' I want ye to hilp me to worry the matter out.

McC. An' shure, I'll do it all as ye plaze, dear Pat.

O' C. Open yer eyes then Judy, darlin', an' listen; do ye know that ould hypocret, Dacon Stew, bees manin' harm to the brave young lord,—Victor Juno?

McC. Ye do not mane that, Pat darlin'.

O' C. Mane it, [*quizzically,*] begorra I knows it, but I'll fix the dirty ould blackgard, or I'm no man. Judy darlin', will ye hilp me to watch the squally curmudgon?

McC. Certainly, I will.

O' C. A blazin' idee strikes me mind, an' that bis, we must tell Miss Armington of the attimpt this dacon bees makin' to murhder Victor Juno.

McC. Murhder! Juno?

O' C. Yis, bluddy murhder, jist now abreedin'! Ye git Miss Armington to consult wid ye an' me, an' do it quick? [*Exit Pat O'Conner and Judy McCrea.*]

SCENE IV. *Library of GEN. ARMINGTON.*

Enter MISS L. ARMINGTON, PAT O'CONNER and JUDY MCCREA.

[*Groove 2.*]

O'Conner. Miss Armington, after havin' yer promise to kape this intire matter saret, and also yer promise to relate to Mr. Juno the danger what treatens him, wid *his* promise to kape it saret; I'll jist unhitch my sowl of the burden of my hart.

Miss A. Well go on Pat, and let me hear it?

O' C. Me lady, ye knows ye and yer father axed Dacon Stew to git a doctor for Mr. Juno; an' I had me idees rubbed up, that Dacon Stew, what loves yer lady, an' hates Mr. Juno, has played ye and yer father false, by gittin' a tricky doctor what will pison Mr. Juno.

Miss A. Oh! Pat, you surely cannot think that of [*shuddering.*] Deacon Rob Stew! He is a *good* christian, and would not do such a foul act as to employ a murdering physician.

O' C. Be me sowl, Miss Armington, may I stop to belave me own sinses, ef it aint they trooth.

Miss A. But Pat, how do you know all these things?

O' C. Good lady, only kape saret, an' I'll till ye. That day whin Dacon Rob Stew was at yer bedside, I tould Judy McCrea to sind Dacon Rob. Stew out by the side doore, whin I runned accidentallee against his honor, which made him spake to me. I humbly apologist and axed him about Victor Juno, in a manner, what made him belave I hated Mr. Juno, when the ould curmudg—beg yer pardon for forgittin' myself.

Miss A. Go on, Pat.

O' C. Well, yer ladyship, I was agoin to say, Dacon Stew spake confiden to me, an' said: Pat, if I could trust ye, I have a job that would make ye rich. I suspectid his diviltry whin I blarneyed him and what ye tink, he unbossomed the dirtiest plans of his hypercretical hart to meself, an' I tought be-jabers, Pat, here bis a way to larn saretts that will be of sarvice to me luvly mishtress, whin I swore, wid one eye shut an' a mintal reserves to lade him into the fald of battle. He tould me anough to conclude that he meant to pison Mr. Juno, an' me plans air, that ye saretly go to Mr. Juno's house an' kape an eye on that doctor chap.

Miss A. Oh! Pat, how can I believe, or do all this?

O' C. Be me sowl, I hav tould ye only what am good trooth: ye can ax Judy McCrea, here, what kin till ye I am spakin' only the trooth.

McC. Fath, me swate lady, Pat O'Conner spake the howly trooth, so far as I knows. [*Exit Pat and Judy.*]

Miss A. Oh! What shall I do? I cannot let father know of this conspiracy to murder Victor Juno; nor can I allow them to poison him, since I can save him! How shall I manage this matter? Oh! how must I act? great powers above, guide my distressed soul aright. I have it. I will go in disguise to the house of Victor Juno, and request to see him as an old aunt of his; I understand he has an only relative, and that is an elderly aunt. I'll personate her, and when I once reach his bedside, I'll manage to make him understand me. This will be his salvation, although it may prove my ruination.

SCENE V. Chamber in DR. JUNO'S house.

Enter MISS ARMINGTON, in disguise as Victor's aunt. She goes to his side, and arouses him from a slumber. [Groove 3.]

Dr. Victor Juno. I feel as though an angel from on high, in disguise, was before me. [*Here he takes both her hands in his.*]

Miss Armington. Mr. Juno, I hope you will pardon me for appearing before you in this peculiar manner.

Dr. J. Certainly, my brave young lady; I feel from my inmost soul that you are here on a mission of mercy.

Miss A. Mr. Juno, please do not exhaust yourself, but if you are not too weak, I will relate to you why I came here, and in this disguise.

Dr. J. Speak, O, speak, sweet lady! your presence electrifies and strengthens me, and I am quite well enough to listen to anything that your charming voice may relate. [*Speaks this quite vigorously.*]

Miss A. Friend Juno—beg your pardon, Mr. Juno——

Dr. J. Dear angel, use the former, and believe me that my very soul is yours, and I feel assured that your heart beats in unison with mine, or you would not be thus. [*Looking worlds of love into her eyes.*]

Miss A. May you never doubt my sincerity and motives, but still, I am almost a perfect stranger to you.

Dr. J. My beloved lady, why should you feel in the least embarrassed or backward in the presence of a man who would lose his life ten thousand times to give you one meagre joy.

Miss A. Speak no more, dear friend, you have indeed saved my miserable life at triple the danger of losing your own; therefore, I would, indeed, be an ingrate to withhold anything from you.

Dr. J. Thanks, many thanks, for this delicious candor, and will you now be kind enough to relate what you spoke of?

Miss A. Oh, I have some terrible things to tell you, which may not be any benefit to your shattered nerves, but there is a greater danger overhanging you than my story can produce, should you be kept in ignorance of what I know. You will, therefore, find that my presence at this hour and in this awkward disguise may save your precious life, which, if such be the case, will, at least, repay you for the great services you have done me and my father.

Dr. J. Beloved angel! why do you mention what *I* did? You certainly can not deem me so selfish as to hope I labored for compensation!

Miss A. Oh, no! certainly not. I did not mean that, but—I suppose it was——

Dr. J. Love, that prompted the wholesome act. Say so, sweetest lady, and I'll believe you.

Miss A. Yes, sir, indeed, it was. [*Modestly.*]

Dr. J. My soul is rejoiced that my never-ceasing affection for you is reciprocated, if I may be so bold as to esteem myself so blessed.

Miss A. [*She bows modestly.*] This, *truly*, is the happiest moment of my life.

Dr. J. [*Victor draws her to his bosom, and kisses her.*] My darling, I shall be pleased now to listen to “*the horrible things*” of which you spoke.

Miss A. I will tell you, but hope you will see the necessity of keeping the whole matter a sacred secret; otherwise, ruination might befall us both.

Dr. J. No, darling, have more faith in my Cupid God.

Miss A. Well, my noble friend, you will see the good of being cautious about making known my visit, disguise, and story.

Dr. J. Of course, sweet love, I shall be perfectly silent.

Miss A. Thanks, blessed Victor! But to the point. I have a faithful servant at home who has overheard a secret plot to murder you, and that by people whom you have never injured, and of whom you would not think that they could be guilty of such dark deeds.

Dr. J. My darling, allow me to ask who these parties are, and whether your servant really is reliable?

Miss A. Yes, good Victor, my servant *is* reliable; moreover, there are a train of circumstances of which I know, that convince me of the existence of such a plot; and, further, when I tell you all, you may be able to conjure up some matters that happened in this chamber by which you, also, will know the truth of what I shall relate.

Miss A. My father is a good, honest man, and a great admirer of yourself; I make this remark because when I tell you my story you might conceive the matter in such a manner as to cause an impression on your mind, that dear father had something to do with this vile work; because you certainly must know that Dr. Toy Pancy was employed by father and myself.

Dr. J. What, say you? Dr. Toy Pancy!

Miss A. Yes, Dr. Toy Pancy is a villian, who has evidently been trying to poison you whilst he was sitting up with you at night, without your own family doctor knowing anything about it.

Dr. J. Indeed! [*Meditating a moment.*] I can now know why he was so uneasy and anxious to be alone with me. Please go on and tell me all.

Miss A. I will dear Victor, but you may not clearly understand why myself and father would send you such a villian of a physician; father and Deacon Rob Stew sat by my bedside when I asked father to employ a doctor for you; at once he said to the Deacon

that he was best acquainted with physicians, and would ask it as a *special* favor, if he would select a physician; the Deacon did so, and this is the manner in which Dr. Toy Pancy came to your bedside.

Dr. J. But my beloved angel, how could such a course cause Dr. Toy Pancy to have designs upon my life?

Miss A. You may deem me immodest, but nevertheless, as we have become so well acquainted and love each other, I may tell you that Deacon Rob Stew has been suing for my hand the last year. I learned that he connived with Pat O'Conner our coachman, to murder you. Pat, Irish-like, suspicioned this wolf in sheep's clothing, when he dissembled and acted as though he also hated you, knowing that the Deacon detested you because you are his successful rival.

Dr. J. Is it possible that Dr. Toy Pancy and Deacon Rob Stew, have attempted to take my life? I seem to see it all now; and it is *you*, my most precious darling, who saved my life; but now I'll have an eye on these vile conspirators.

Miss A. Dear Victor, I am exceedingly happy to see you so much better, and able to protect yourself against the danger which threatened your precious life.

Dr. J. I dreamed three or four times last night that you were by my bedside as you are, and that we had pledged our mutual vows of love; but every time we wanted to consummate our nuptial ties, some obstacles were thrown into our path by deep, designing enemies. This is all I remember of it, but O! the horror and despair that I felt, was almost unendurable.

Miss A. It was of course, only a dream, yet a peculiar one to say the least, and I shall be in continual dread of these men, who have certainly commenced in earnest. [*Enter Servant.*]

Servant. Oh! good lady, the house is surrounded by an army of men.

SCENE VI. *Tabernacle Hall. Further conniving of the bloody conspirators. President Rev. JOE PIER in the chair. [Groove 1.]*

Nancy Clover. Brothers, as no one but the faithful are present, I may open the door to some new operations.

Dea. S. Mr. President, I have a word to say which will aid a speedy conclusion of plans.

Prest. P. Brother Stew, our noble sister, Nancy Clover, has the right to the floor.

Dea. S. Pardon me, dear sister, I did not intend to be rude, but thought if I could hint to you ere you spoke, that I discovered Miss Lucinda Armington leave the General's—her father's house, in disguise last night to go to Victor Juno's residence; you would be better prepared to draw your plans in speedy order.

N. C. Thanks, valiant Brother Stew, you verily have done me a service, and as I am now prepared to give you my *plans* for consummating this holy work of purging our cause of all unfaithful members, apostates, and innovators, you will remember that we have one common interest, and if we do not gain our *individual* points, we

nevertheless, are a perfect unit in obtaining our combined ends. I find that several of those we love and respect are being led astray.

Firstly, then, General Washington Armington is in dangerous hands whilst surrounded by this Mr. Juno; therefore, we must devote time, money, muscle, and brains to break the link that binds the General and this Juno together. The best plan is to cause a sanctimonious anxiety for the General amongst all religious people. That done, then our united attention must be earnestly exercised to ruin the reputation, in the General's mind, of Victor Juno, who has escaped us, and is now beyond reach by the plan that was laid for his death, through the faithful brother, Dr. Toy Pancy.

Secondly, we must generate a hue and cry that Miss Lucinda Armington has compromised her reputation by injudicious familiarities, having in disguise, and at an improper hour, visited Mr. Juno's residence.

Thirdly, that, having failed in our first attempt to forever quiet Victor Juno, we must now work amongst the masses of saints of all colors, than aim directly at the life of this vile innovator, and by setting up a howl amongst the brethren, setting forth the great danger to our cause, provided this man Juno is not quieted or degraded. This is our next best step. What thinks Brother Stew.

Dea. S. Beloved Saints! I have listened with great interest to our valued sister's glorious plans, and have come to the conclusion what she does *not* know is not *worth* knowing. I would, also, here relate what I did last night, after I learned that Miss Lucinda Armington repaired in disguise to Victor Juno's residence. I called twenty of the faithful to disguise themselves, and join me to surround the house of Victor Juno. I concluded, should we find her there, we would abduct her, and take good care that the wretched apostate would never more come between us and our enemy, but from some cause or other, we missed our prey.

N. C. You were not very sharp.

Dea. S. Well, as bad luck would have it, they were apprised by Mr. Juno's servant that we were surrounding the house, but Miss Armington escaped notwithstanding.

Pres. P. How do you know that she escaped? did you search the house?

Dea. S. No sir, we did not search the house at all, but when I found that Dr. Toy Pancy failed to find her, or the bogus aunt, I drew my comrades aside, and directed them to disband for the present.

Mr. Grumbler. Ha! ha! ha! She was *too* smart for you, and escaped evidently the back way, before the residence of Juno was besieged. I see by the Sunday Newspapers that Juno is going to preach next Sunday evening in the Theatre.

Dea. S. He must be stopped! He shall not be allowed to speak to the *people*, who glory in his impious harangues. Brothers and sisters, we are lost, if this innovator is allowed to go on in this manner. [*Applause.*]

SCENE VII. *Crowded Theatre.* VICTOR JUNO'S *Scathing Sermon on "The Rock upon which 'The Church' Split."* [Whole Stage.]

Dr. Juno. Beloved Friends—I will speak to you this evening on "*The Rock upon which 'The Church' Split.*" I have nothing new to offer, but as Shakespeare says: "Old things wax new when lovers grow cold," and I argue that the love for a natural Creator, who has made everything for our pleasure, joy and perpetual bliss, has grown very cold. In sooth, God and nature are esteemed vulgar monitors, if we accept the actions of the professed saints as criterions to go by.

"Each stupid sect, in error bound,
Think they the only road have found
To paradise complete."

There exists only *one* church, namely, the Universal, or Natural Church of God.

There are no such things in God's, or nature's vocabulary as "churches." Moreover, a "church" is not a house made of bricks, mortar, wood and cushioned seats, but, "THE CHURCH," is composed of law, order, principle, heavens, earth, air and all the multitudinous little injunctions of the Creator.

Knowing, therefore, what "The Church of God" is, we can soon behold what split this hallowed natural institution, namely:

Reading the Bible, without first understanding the science of human life, or laws of nature, hence not being able to cipher out the meaning of God and nature.

One must understand the multiplication table before he can use the arithmetic to advantage; so also one must comprehend a *true* anatomy and sound physiology before he can understand that the Bible and fixed laws of nature and nature's God agree.

Friends of free, noble, America, are you going to allow the meanest monarchy on earth to rob you of your inalienable rights,—I mean the sectarian money-monarchy,—are you going to stand by, rubbing your bloodshot eyes, and blaming God for the miseries and serfdom you suffer, whilst cunning, craft, hypocrisy and the most cruel deceptions are continually practiced upon you by these false interpreters of the Bible, who would have you dance to their fiddle or see you suffer the veriest slavery; but, withal, howl of freedom and American liberty?

Why, my dear friends, there are leaders at the head of these misled enthusiasts who would enter into any foul conspiracies for the purpose of gaining their pharisaical ends. The bloodiest conspirators of all ages are at the helm of this sanctimonious work of deviltry.

They crucify the disciple of truth anew, and connive to slay him, because they think they own heaven, earth, man, and his liberty to serve God. [*Applause.*]

With God and nature, I cry aloud and spare not him who sets himself against the fixed laws of an unchangeable Creator, and I exhort and *pray you*, instead of God, to rise up as one man and slay the hydra-headed monster that would stay the stream of a God-ordained piety. [*Applause.*]

I ask you to lead natural, physiological lives, returning to truth,

nature, and sound sense, and unless you fight for principle and justice, you cannot expect salvation.

“I live to hail that season,
By gifted men foretold,
When men shall live by reason,
And not alone by gold!
When man to man united,
And every wrong thing righted;
The whole world shall be lighted,
As Eden was of old!” [Applause.]

[Riot, Naturalists conquer.]

ACT II.

SCENE I. GENERAL W. ARMINGTON'S *Library*. *The GENERAL in deep meditation about the reported Elopement and Seduction of LUCINDA, by VICTOR.* [Groove 1]

Gen. A. [Soliloquizing.] Why should my faithful and loving daughter elope with Victor Juno, or why should *he* desire to do so, as long as I have encouraged their union?

Enter DEACON R. STEW.

Dea. S. Good morning! [Cheerfully.]

Gen. A. Good morning! [Coldly.]

Dea. S. My dear brother, do not take this elopement so seriously to heart, for I have rather good news for you.

Gen. A. What is it? Speak!

Dea. S. Why sir, I have just received a letter from New York, from a faithful brother, who says that he saw a lady and gentleman answering to the description of Miss Lucinda and Dr. Juno, take passage on a steamer for Liverpool last week.

Gen. A. Indeed, sir! but I don't believe it.

Dea. S. Don't believe it? and what reason have you to doubt it? surely they have eloped!

Gen. A. [Furiously.] Silence, Deacon Stew; I believe that there is some foul plot at work to remove these innocent young people from my presence; they were not opposed by me in their desire to become man and wife, then why should they elope, I want to know?

Dea. S. General, you confound my ideas, but if you had not lost patience with me, I think I could set your mind at ease on this subject. [Much frightened.]

Gen. A. Well sir, speak; I am all patience.

Dea. S. Pardon me when I say that I am confident that Miss Armington was pure, but Dr. Juno did not desire marriage with your daughter; he had other designs upon the lovely and unsuspecting daughter of your house; and this is the reason that he eloped with her, very likely promising marriage.

Gen. A. Oh, horrible! horrible! [Weeps.]

Dea. S. Dear brother, please be consoled, and trust in the Lord.

Gen. A. Oh, Deacon! I have never dreamed of what you have just insinuated, but I feel that my poor child has fallen into the hands of a monster.

Dea. S. If you desire it, dear brother, I will do my utmost to arrest this demon, or probably it would be as well for us to telegraph to Liverpool, and request the authorities there to arrest him, when he arrives.

Gen. A. No, good brother, I think I had better at once get ready and follow these truant children. Oh! daughter! daughter! what have you done! I have centered my whole life, soul and spirit on you, and for you to be thus snatched from me, is more than an old man can endure. O, heaven! Aid and comfort my bleeding heart. [*Exit Gen. Armington.*]

Dea. S. When sister Nancy Clover learns the true state of things, she will fairly glut over the success of our plot, and be doubly delighted at the distress of the General, and discomfiture of his hateful daughter. When the General is gone to Europe, we shall have a clear track before us; truly, won't I go to the proud stuckup and apostate Miss Lucinda Armington's prison, and dictate my own terms of peace. Ha! ha! my caged bird, I'll save you the trouble of disguising yourself again for the purpose of acting the aunt, to spoil our holy plans; and as for the heroic and celebrated Dr. (?) Juno, he shall feed on slim victuals, whilst a lingering death shall be his *most certain* portion this time; yea verily, and I shall let him know that it was I—Deacon Rob Stew—of the orthodox faith, who instigated and managed the skillful abduction and imprisonment of this *true* lover. And I shall cause his complete ruin for molesting the elect in their work of Christianity! Ha! ha!

SCENE. II. *Insane Asylum. Female cell in upper story and dungeon in basement.* MISS L. ARMINGTON, in cell, and VICTOR JUNO, in dungeon. [*Groove 2.*]

Miss L. A. Oh! Great heaven, why am I thus confined in this living tomb! Can this be a prison? But why should I be confined in it? Where was I to my last recollection? Let me think; O, yes! I remember; Pat O'Conner, Judy McCrea and myself sat in our dining room conversing over the outrage that had happened to dear Victor at the theatre, and I now remember of having gone out into the lawn, when suddenly something nasty was thrown over my head, whilst at the same moment strong hands grasped my body and I knew nothing more.

Surely I was then carried to this prison! Oh! horror, horror! What may, what *will* become of me? Great powers of glory protect me and deliver me from my bondage! Who could have been so cruel as to abduct and incarcerate me thus? An idea flashes through my half frenzied brain. It was the same *Bloody Conspirators* who tried to poison my beloved Victor, that have sent me to this place; but what will they do with me? This is horrible, most horrible! because any one who is bad enough to have me thus abducted and imprisoned, is also vile enough to abuse and murder me, if that suits his pleasure and plans best.

What really have I done to merit such foul treatment? Let me think! I have always been kind to every one, have no enemies that I know of; but now it flashes upon my distressed soul, I have stood

by the side of dear Victor, I have conspired with Pat and Judy to save my beloved! Oh! Darling Victor, save, save me now, from the impending danger that awaits your unprotected Lucinda! My persecutors are monsters, or they could not tear me away from my dear old father, and from my dearly beloved Victor! God, if thou ever hearest the prayers of mortals, hear mine!

[*Kneeling.*] Infinite and all powerful Creator, I invoke thee and all thy vitalizing influences, to stultify and deaden the head and hand that has brought me to this cruel place. I pray Thee, heavenly Father, to shield the just and faithful, whilst Thou wilt confound the wicked conspirators who have sought to ruin and destroy me and mine: and O, Lord, look with compassion on thy distressed servant who would freely offer up her life in purity and innocence, for the good of heaven's righteous cause. Moreover! I humbly pray thee, send thy messengers of grace to guard and protect my beloved and heroic Victor, whose strifes and struggles on behalf of his race are herculean! Grant me this humble supplication, and thy name shall have all the glory for ever and ever!

[*Rattling of chains, unbolting of doors, &c. Enter DEACON ROB STEW in disguise, which causes MISS L. ARMINGTON to swoon.*]

[VICTOR JUNO, sitting on the floor of his dungeon in a dreamy state, seeing the ghost of GENERAL ARMINGTON.]

Gen. A. Dr. Juno, prepare yourself to meet your God, for I am going to shoot you forthwith for abducting my daughter.

Dr. J. My dear General, you greatly wrong me; I have always treated your daughter with profound respect; moreover, you forget that I have jeopardized my miserable life to save hers, and I would do so a thousand times over for the fair, virtuous damsel; why then do you accuse me of ruining your child? have you no more confidence in me than that?

Gen. A. I will forbear, until I can investigate the truthfulness of your assertion; if you are guiltless, fear nothing, but go ahead! May heaven protect the innocent.

[*General's Ghost walks away, but an angel appears, holding up two emblems.*]

Angel. Dr. Victor Juno, this emblem [*white one.*] represents a youth whose wisdom excels his vanity, and who, if he prove true to his intuitive gifts, will be compelled to go through a fiery furnace for a brief season, but if he continues to trust in an over-ruling, just, and infinite God, will have this crown set upon his head.

[*The angel waves the crown in the air, and produces another one.*]

If you prove faithless and fearful, you will inherit this crown, [*red crown.*] which is prepared for all who flag and faint in the hour of persecution. [*Dashes it to the floor and breaks. Juno awakes.*]

Dr. J. I have had a peculiar dream, a beautiful dream, but what is there in dreams? Great God, since I am deserted by man, I thank Thee for having permitted an angel from yonder realms of the blessed to come unto me, and direct me what course I shall pursue to accomplish my work. I shall heed the admonition, and bear patiently all that my persecutors can heap upon me; knowing that I am in the right, I must also be convinced that God will not

permit me to die for naught, and what can it matter to the Naturalist, whether he is sacrificed in one way or another, only so that his beloved cause may prosper.

[*Miss Armington comes to, the Deacon having darkened the cell.*]

Dea. S. I have come to offer you freedom, and my heart and hand in marriage, and I hope you will not refuse me this request.

Miss A. Sir, who are you that dares to insult me thus, and why have you darkened this prison cell? Are your intentions so dark and foul, that you cannot present them in the light of day?

Dea. S. I am a man of tender affection towards you, but as I have lately noticed you to conspire with a vile atheist, I felt it my duty to separate you from him until you had time to repent.

Miss A. Fiend that you are, do you suppose for a moment that a woman could or would yield to a man's wishes, who can be guilty of so foul a deed? Further, I would like to know by whose authority, and by what august power, you have taken this outrageous task upon yourself to abduct, and cast me into this prison?

Dea. S. Dear lady, you are haughty; I really admire your high toned spirit; but your desire to be sarcastic and stubborn will not profit you aught; neither will you receive your liberty until you yield to my desires.

Miss A. Monster, have you lost your manhood, and how could you expect a woman to accept the proposals of a man or beast, who uses such criminal measures to gain the hand of woman?

Dea. S. Go on with your sophistries, but methinks you will be very glad to accept my offer; now come, let us understand each other; I am handsome, rich, influential, religious, and only fifteen or twenty years your senior.

Miss A. You are handsome, rich, influential, religious, and only fifteen or twenty years my senior; why is it then that you cause total darkness in this cell, and disguise yourself? You should show your beauty, and give the woman of your philanthropic choice an opportunity to behold that handsome person, whose wealth, influence and religion are so prominent. Indeed your acts exhibit very holy(?) attributes of piety, but as to wealth and riches I have no doubt that by your demoniacal deeds you are capacitated to wring money from the thousands, and with its corrupting power, influence whole communities of your equals in crime.

Dea. S. Heigh, ho! but you are a philosopher, as well as a charming damsel; by my soul, I am taking renewed fancies for the jewel I have found.

Miss A. Do you think, sir, that you can conquer me? Do you dare to beard the tigress in her den? You have brought me here, from some motive best known to yourself, and whilst you have not the manly courage to show me your features in the light, you may think you have me in your power, and can badger and insult me as you choose; but I now warn you to beware how you provoke me, lest by some miraculous power, I strike you to my feet, and bruise your venomous head.

Dea. S. Sweet lady, you would not do all that at one time, would you, darling of my heart? [*She tears the mask from his face, and*

deals him blow after blow upon his mouth, nose and eyes, until the blood flies in every direction.]

Miss A. Now go, and leave me, or I'll murder you, before you will be able to gain help.

Dea. S. [*Humbled and scared.*] I'll go, but give me a moment to collect my senses.

Miss A. Go!

Dea. S. [*Going through a secret door and exclaiming.*] I'll be a match for you when I call again.

Miss A. Great heaven! [*She runs to the place of exit, but finds it closed, and seeming like a wall of adamant.*]

SCENE III. *The garden of GEN. ARMINGTON. PAT O'CONNOR and DEACON ROB STEW, in discussion. [Groove. I.]*

Pat O' C. Dacon yer honor, I have heerd sich talk about this mishter Juno chap, what makes me blood run coold; but, yer honor will not spake agin ov this matter, will ye?

Dea. S. Certainly not Pat, but will you tell me what it is?

O' C. Och! be Sant Patrick, I belave that som of the wicked people stharterd a talk that ye were the cause of Miss Lucinda, me Mishtress, alop in wid that Juno chap; becuse ye would not ax her to marry ye.

Dea. S. Is that what you have heard?

O' C. Yis yer honor, that's it.

Dea. S. Sure Pat, you have heard nothing more, and you do not believe that, do you?

O' C. Howly Moses, yer honor, I *do* belave that Miss Armington was mad wid ye, becuse ye would not ax her fur to marry ye, an' fur to sphite ye, she runned away wid this Mishter Juno; do ye mind that?

Dea. S. No, My faithful Pat, but as you are a true friend of mine, in whom I feel *sure* I could entrust my life, I will give you a little insight into this matter. But, Pat, you must be secretive, and not mention it to a living soul.

O' C. Howly Sant Patrick, I would not spake of it to any parson, an' ef it would smash me life into smithereens; belave me, yer honor.

Dea. S. O I do, good fellow! Well Pat, Miss Lucinda and Victor Juno did not elope, but they were abducted by some of the medical opponents of Victor Juno.

O' C. Abdocted, yer honor; bedad, an' are ye *sure* on that, air ye?

Dea. S. Yes Pat, I *am* sure of it.

O' C. Howly saints, an' ye know that me mishtress be murdered, an' ye would not tell me mashter, but let him go to Europe fur to hunt his murdered child; O! ye bluddy curmudgeon, what do ye ixpict will become of ye?

[*Pat is now ready for a fight.*]

Dea. S. Pat, Pat, you do not understand me!

O' C. Begorrah! an' I do understand ye, abdocted, ye mur-

thering hypocret, an' may the divil swallow me whoul body an' sowl, ef I don't tell on ye, an' that this very hour, ye squally murderer, fur ahelplin' to abdoect me swate misthress; An' will ye till me where ye hev buried her?

Dea. S. Pat, you are crazy; listen to me, she is not dead!

O' C. Not dead? [*looking amazed and dumbfounded.*] How could she bee abdoected, an' be not dead?

Dea. S. Now Pat, calm yourself, and I will explain to you all about it; she is living, healthy, and will be evidently happy when I shall see her and offer myself in marriage to her.

O' C. Yer honor am not hoaxin', am ye? [*Looking quizzically, mistrustingly, but his face lighting up.*]

Dea. S. Certainly not, good Pat; you evidently do not understand the meaning of abduction. Abduction means carefully taken away from danger,

O' C. Do it, yer honor, an' I am plazed it manes that, but be jabers, I tought it ment murdher.

Dea. S. Well Pat, you are now satisfied, are you not? And you will keep the secret? for I promise you, all will be for the best.

O' C. Yis sur, I bees your fathful sarvant, as ye plaze to have me. [*Aside.*] I'll plaster his nist.

SCENE IV. *Insane Asylum, as before. Several weeks intervene between these scenes. DR. V. JUNO's terrific struggle with the night watchman. JEMMY, an overseer, gives DR. JUNO a hammer, rope and chisel, and leaves his cell gates unbolted.*

Jemmy. [*The false overseer, calling at the cell gates.*] Victor Juno! Victor Juno!

Dr. J. Who calls me? I am Victor Juno.

Jemmy. Hear me! I will leave these gates unbolted, and here are some implements of escape. [*Handing them through the feed hole.*] But promise me not to leave your cell until to-morrow at midnight.

Dr. J. Noble fellow, I will obey you; many, many thanks.

Jemmy. You are very welcome, only do not expose me!

Dr. J. Who are you?

Jemmy. I am Jemmy, the overseer, and particular friend of Pat O'Conner and Judy McCrea.

Dr. J. Heaven be glorified! Oh! I'll soon be free. Ha! ha! ha! old pharisees. I'll be after you worse than ever when I get out of this place.

[*DEACON ROB STEW's second visit to the cell of MISS L. ARMINGTON.*]

Dea. S. My dear Lucinda, I am delighted to see you, although very sorry to find you in this place.

Miss A. [*At first she looks rather pleased to see him, but the truth flashes upon her mind as she says,*] You, scoundrel, can dissemble beautifully.

Dea. S. What is the matter with my sweet child? do not look so distressed; I have come to offer you freedom, and my heart and hand in marriage.

Miss A. Avaunt! you fiend; I know you now, and you need not dissemble, and act the hypocrite any longer. I say you had better be gone, or I'll give you another beating, that will leave worse marks than the one you now carry on your nose. Do you hear me? Be gone!

Dea. S. Miss Armington, how dare you insult me in this manner, when I came to you in the kindest manner, and with the holiest intentions. You are an ingrate, who deserves no better treatment than you are receiving in this cell, and I shall leave you in a moment, as you request it, but before I go, let me say that I am Deacon Rob Stew, and I would have you know that my power and influence is greater than any monarch in Europe; therefore beware how you insult and cast me off.

Miss A. You are Deacon Rob Stew, the powerful and influential saint; yes, and you were handsome before I destroyed your beautiful nose the other day, when I beat you like a howling cur.

Dea. S. You beat me like a howling cur. When and how was that?

Miss A. If you don't leave me, I will show you how! [*Her eyes flashing fire and fury.*]

Dea. S. My dear young sister, now come let us be serious, and talk like Christians, not like sinners, for you must know that I love you, have always hoped you would become my wife. And had it not been for that profligate innovator, Victor Juno, I undoubtedly would have remained foremost in your affections.

Miss A. May the curse of an avenging Maker fall upon your leprous tongue; and the spirit of unrest never cease to molest and torture your wicked soul, until you retract every word that you have ever spoken against that honorable gentleman. Yes, may heaven sow thorns and thistles in your path, that your body may be pricked and torn to pieces by them, as you have endeavored to lacerate mine and the noble Victor's hearts, by your bloody conspiracies against us both. You are a detestable villain, and I wonder that you are not afraid that the Creator will strike you dead forthwith, and send your loathesome soul into the regions of everlasting torment. Do you hear that? Now you have my sentiments, therefore leave me instantly!

Dea. S. I pray you listen for a moment to me, and then if you are not satisfied, I will quit you forever.

Miss A. Well then, say on, but no more insults, remember that.

Dea. S. You blame me for things of which I am entirely innocent! I have never conspired against you, but I cannot say that much for Victor Juno.

Miss A. Accursed falsifier that you are, would you damn your own hypocritical soul over and over again by adding insult to injury.

Dea. S. Hear me through, before you become so severe; I do not wish to shield myself from any crime or sin that I may have committed on your behalf.

Miss A. What do you mean by saying you have committed crime in my behalf?

Dea. S. My dear Lucinda, I love you, and love is blind to every-

thing. It was this extreme affection for you, sweet lady, that drove me to commit acts that nothing else in the world could have driven me to do.

Miss A. I have never done anything to encourage you in that direction, and if what you say is true, of which I have my doubts, I pity you, but that is *all* the consolation you can ever expect from me. Even had I possessed any regard for you, the acts which you have committed against him whose very foot prints I love more than the entire existence of thousands like yourself, would have caused me to spurn you.

Dea. S. Is there then no hope for me? I was told by Pat O'Conner that you only took to Victor Juno, because I did not propose marriage to you.

Miss A. And you were fool enough to believe what my servant told you.

Dea. S. Why should I not have believed it? Did you not always treat me kindly, and appeared glad to see me at your house, until that innovater made his appearance.

Miss A. Sir, if you desire my audience, even in this prison cell, cease to call my beloved Victor names, or I'll refuse to listen to you.

Dea. S. Well, proud lady, I then shall be compelled to remove this "beloved Victor" from your reach, and unless you promise to lend me your ear and give me some hope, I shall cause his death.

Miss A. What! would you become a murderer; would you add this foul crime to your already blackened deeds done in the body? Avaunt, I say, or I'll tear you limb from limb, you miserable fiend, and save you the trouble or pleasure of injuring my beloved Victor.

Dea. S. As you insist upon it, I will leave you; but mark, your "beloved Victor" shall fare badly. Ha! ha! ha! farewell!

[Exit DEACON R. STEW.]

Miss A. For aught I know, he is now enduring the pangs of a lingering death; because I am *sure* this vile deacon would be guilty of anything to gain his selfish and brutal ends. Oh! Victor! Victor! may the Infinite hand of Jehovah protect and guard you against the wiles, plots, and conspiracies of these bloody people! What have you ever done to injure them? What have you ever done to injure any one? You are so noble, so benevolent, so very generous and so zealous to improve your race, that I cannot see what benefit it is to a man to do good in this world.

[DR. JUNO'S *terrific struggles with the night watchman in the corridor.*]

Dr. Juno. I have gained a great point in getting out of my dungeon, but how to make my way out of this corridor is more than I know, which is in itself a perfect prison? I shall not be expected here, much less does any one dream that I have these implements of escape in my possession. I might wait here until morning, and when the keeper comes, could easily dispatch him, but I do not desire to become a murderer. [*Goes behind the door.*] The night

watchman might not be far away. I'll try a deep moan, and see if I cannot bring him to me.

[*Night watchman enters the dark corridor, letting key in door; DR. JUNO secures the key, locks the door and pockets the key, then they hunt in the dark, meet, grapple, scuffle terribly; JUNO gains; keeper asks for mercy.*]

Night Watchman. Mercy!

Dr. J. If I let you loose will you promise me to be docile and perfectly quiet; I mean make no noise?

N. W. Certainly I will.

[*No sooner loose than he makes for the door.*]

N. W. [*Aside.*] I shall lock you devil or lunatic up, until you can be secured; but, O Heaven! the door is locked.

Dr. J. Sir, you are not as good as your word; therefore, I shall be under the disagreeable necessity of compelling you to be silent,

N. W. [*Trembling.*] What do you want me to do?

Dr. J. Sir, I want your promise to keep silent, and come over here and sit quietly down on the floor, until daylight.

N. W. If you come near me again, I will shoot or stab you; I have both a revolver and dirk ready for action.

Dr. J. Indeed, sir, then I shall be compelled to beat your brains out with this huge hammer which I hold in my hand; so you see two can play at this little game.

N. W. Tell me, who are you, and what do you want? You seem to be sane.

Dr. J. Yes, sir, I fear I am too sane and powerful for you; but who and what I am, or want here can be no affair of yours this night, so you better obey my orders, when not a hair on your head shall be harmed.

N. W. Great God! he is mad, [*Aside.*] Did you bolt this door?

Dr. J. Yes, sir, I did, and have the key of it in my possession. [*Swinging the key in his hand.*] I say will you obey me? speak and act, or I'll send you swift as lightning into the next world.

N. W. Murder! [*The frightened N. W. screams murder! Dr. Juno strikes in the direction of the voice and hits him, causing him to reel. They grapple terribly, but finally Dr. Juno binds him.*]

Dr. J. Now, sir, I think your pistol and dirk wont avail you much, and I implore you to give them to me, or I'll handle you very roughly.

N. W. I have neither pistol nor dirk.

Dr. J. Then I'll send you to my cell.

[*He places him in his cell and locks it, after which he escapes.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I. *Street Audience; they frequently applaud. [Groove 1.]*

Dr. Juno. Beloved Friends:—Until church and state (in my sense of what the church is) become one, and an indivisible institution, there can be no perpetually natural government established, where God's will "will be done in earth as it is in heaven;" nor can peace and

good will reign between the children of His footstool. Before being able to elucidate this subject scientifically, it behooves me to show you that Church and State simply aim at government—the government of mankind; but before mankind can be governed aright, each one must first learn to understand God's fixed law, that was ordained for man's government, and he must then be able to govern himself, and that fixed law is his king, which he must obey, or suffer the penalties that are sure to follow all violations of the Creator's immutable injunctions.

The Church as now conducted (including all sects) is an institution that throws all the responsibility of mismanaged government of body, soul, or spirit, upon the blessed and immutable Creator of all things; an institution that recognizes no unalterable science of life in its tenets; an institution that, in its short-sightedness, has inscribed upon its banner, "*believe and be saved*," whilst it overlooks the multitudinous injunctions of God and Nature, that point with the finger of science to "good works," by which all are to let their "light shine before men." These "good works" consist in the government of thinking beings, so that they understand, appreciate and live a natural life, showing that although one has "no place where to lay his head," still he would continue faithful to the end.

An institution whose ministers or apostles sell out to the highest *lucre* bidders, like the voters in State; hence, love the "uppermost seats at feasts."

The State, as now conducted, is an institution where cunning men mislead and make drunk, with rum and flowery, meaningless logic, the masses of the voters, who are esteemed by the wily scoundrels good fellows when voting is to be done to elevate them to positions which they yearn to usurp, that they may rob the children of earth of *lucre* and of their inalienable religious or natural liberties. [*Applause.*]

An institution that places haughty cut-throats and wholesale thieves into the offices of trust of the government; who love *filthy lucre*, *Moses' seat*, the *uppermost seats at feasts*, and prejudice, more than God, Nature, Man, or fixed law. [*Applause.*]

An institution that drives thousands into the broad road that leads to hell; impoverishes the millions at the glory of the few; drives many, thereby, to commit crime, who are compelled to steal or starve; and builds prisons, penitentiaries, insane asylums and poor houses, into which they are cast for acts and conditions over which they had no control, and there to ache out a more miserable existence; whilst the popular cut-throats and wholesale thieves revel in wealth and power. [*Applause.*]

Good people, awake to a sense of duty, and shuffle off these miserable blood-suckers in your anti-natural church and state.

"Look through nature up to nature's God,"
and learn to know that

"Virtue is nothing but voluntary obedience to truth."
[*Terrific Applause.*]

SCENE II. *Insane Asylum.* MISS L. ARMINGTON'S cell. DEACON R. STEW enters her cell in a cloak.

Dea. S. How is my darling young lady? The last visit I made you was not as pleasant as either of us might have desired it, but I hope you will by this time know me and my intentions fully: therefore, yield to my wishes like a wise, obedient child.

Miss A. Indeed, sir, what are your intentions? [*Contemptuously.*]

Dea. S. My intentions, my darling girl, are to make you my wife.

Miss A. Well, and how do you propose to do this little business, by fair or foul means? [*With a proud air.*]

Dea. S. Haughty lady, I'll tell you; by fair means, if you prefer it; and by foul, if the former don't suit you.

Miss A. Ha! ha! ha! you must think that I am a fool or a baby. Do you forget the tutorage I gave you when you visited me on a previous occasion? [*Laughing sarcastically.*] Deacon Stew, you had better be careful, or I'll murder you before you can leave this cell.

Dea. S. Not so fast, my sweet (?) young lady; do you see this? [*Draws a revolver and points it at her breast.*] Now stand back, or I will shoot you.

Miss A. Shoot, you cowardly villain! [*Quick as lightning she knocks the pistol from his hand, and takes it herself, pointing it towards his breast; he winces like a cur and begs her.*]

Dea. S. Oh! do not shoot; the pistol is loaded. [*He tries to back out of the door.*]

Miss A. Stand still, and do not move one step, or I'll blow out your cowardly and villainous brains; do you hear me? Remember, I am as good as my word. [*He stands like a statue, petrified with fear; she laughs.*]

Miss A. You are a fine fellow, a nice saint, a model deacon, who dares to insult a helpless woman by all sorts of proposals and assaults. Now, I want you to listen to me sharply, and swear by the powers above us that you will do as I wish you to do, or I will shoot you dead. Do you hear me?

Dea. S. Yes, ma'am, I do.

Miss A. In the first place, I want you to swear that you will never more harm Victor Juno, by word or deed, and will make immediate reparation for all the injury you have done him in the past. Swear it!

Dea. S. I cannot do that; anything but that. [*She cocks the pistol and fires a shot into his right arm.*]

Miss A. This is shot number one, to disable your right arm; the next will be your black heart.

Dea. S. O Lord, help me, help me!

Miss A. No, sir; the Lord won't help you, but I will. [*Raising the pistol towards his heart.*] Will you swear, or die in your sin and shame?

Dea. S. I'll swear to anything; propose the oath.

Miss A. I will. Repeat after me, without mental reservation or prevarication, I, Rob Stew, do solemnly swear, without mental reservation, that I will never injure by word or deed, Victor Juno, and

that I will make immediate reparation for all the injury I have done to him in the past, so help me Heaven!

Dea. S. Now, Miss Armington, I have done it; will you, therefore, put that pistol down, and let me go in peace?

Miss A. No, sir; not by a long ways; but you shall now give me your keys to this prison cell, and I will lock *you* up, and leave this place in your stead.

Dea. S. [*Aside, Mars!*] Miss A—r—mington, would you be so cruel as to demand all this of me?

Miss A. Yes, sir, and more; for fear that the demons and lunatics in the place below should re-capture me, I'll demand you to take off your coat and hat, and give them to me, for a disguise, that I may represent your holy self for once in my life.

Dea. S. You certainly would not compel me to give you my garments.

Miss A. Off with them, or die, coward! [*Raises the pistol again; he obeys.*] Now, tear that sheet into bands, and tie your holy feet tightly together. [*Obeys again.*] Here, take more, make a loop, place your hands behind your back into it. [*He obeys, and she draws it tight, and then casts him into a corner and throws bedding on him; he screams.*] I'll stop you from making a noise. [*Stuff's rags in his mouth and ties a piece over them. She dons his clothes and leaves.*] Now, I'll leave this infamous hole, and if I cannot get out of the place peaceably, I will use this pistol until all the bullets are expended. Some one shall be free or die. [*She makes her way out, but is brought back again by the Asylum officials.*]

[*Enter two keepers and cross the stage.*]

George. William, there is something wrong in this ward; do you know what it is?

William. Yes, Miss Armington has escaped from her cell, but the officials have secured her ladyship, and are now conducting her back to her old quarters.

George. Poor creature!

William. Poor devil! [*Exit both.*]

They return her to the cell where the Deacon is laid. Enter Phy-in-chief and managers.]

Phy-in-Chief. Where is the Deacon?

Miss A. There [*Pointing.*] under those bed clothes you will find him, waiting your august pleasure. [*Sarcastically.*]

P-in-Chief. Great heaven, how came this so?

[*The deacon is brought forth with bloodshot eyes; they remove his shackles, when he pretends to faint.*]

Miss A. He only got his dues.

P-in-Chief. He is dying, and you are his murderess, young woman.

Miss A. Yes, in self-defence I subdued him, as any one would, and as I would do again. [*Heedlessly.*]

P-in-C. How did you accomplish this work of Satan?

Miss A. [*Smiling, and pointing to the pistol which he held in his hand.*] I did it with that little thing you hold in your hand.

[*The deacon comes to, and seeing the pistol, snatches it from the P-in-Chief,*

and pointing it at Miss A.]

Dea. S. You she-devil, die! [*Misses her.*]

P-in-Chief. I am confounded and confused at the state of things. What is the matter between you two; will either of you explain?

Dea. S. If you wish to know how all this came, I will tell you, after you restore to me my wearing apparel.

P-in-C. What! have you given your clothes to her for the purpose of allowing her to escape in this disguise?

Dea. S. No, indeed, I did not give them to her.

Miss A. Yes, you did, coward.

Dea. S. We—ll, yes, I did give them to her, but not voluntarily.

P-in-C. I see now how it was.

Dea. S. O Lord, how my arm aches.

P-in-C. Your arm? what causes it to ache?

Dea. S. Why, this she-devil of a woman shot me through it.

P-in-C. How did she get the pistol?

Dea. S. Well, brothers, I am now ready to tell you all about it. I have been in the habit of visiting her, and she treated me so savagely that I feared she would do me personal violence sometime. [*Men laugh.*] You may laugh, but I would as lief be housed up with a mad bull as with an infuriated she-devil like her. [*He gives her a look, she returns the compliment with a fiendish smile.*] Brothers, let us leave this cell; I will tell you all about this matter elsewhere.

P-in-C. I would rather you tell us in the presence of Miss Armington, as we should like to hear what she has to say to it.

Dea. S. Will you then keep her safely away from me, for my arm is painful, and she may make an assault upon me, when I tell you all. [*Men laugh again.*]

P-in-C. Go on, Brother Stew, we will warrant that she shall not touch you.

Dea. S. I have been to visit this woman occasionally on errands of real charity; in fact, I loved the girl, and would have taken her from this place and made her my own wife; therefore, you may know that I intended no harm; but she abused me awfully, and the last visit preceding this one, she actually threatened my life.

Miss A. Cowardly cut-throat, tell the whole of it.

Dea. S. Who has a right to speak? [*Savagely, with a frown at her.*] Well, brothers, I made up my mind that hereafter, when I would visit this modest virgin, I would carry weapons of defence; therefore, I brought that revolver with me to-day.

P-in-C. How came she to possess it.

Dea. S. She took it from me as I was about to defend myself against a furious assault upon me. I should have shot her, undoubtedly, had she not knocked it from my hand, in less than the sparkle of an eye, and as quickly picked it up, and presented the muzzle of it to my breast, and vowed she would shoot me dead if I hesitated to obey her orders. I saw that she meant what she said, but still I thought she would not shoot so freely as she once used her fists upon me; but I misplaced confidence in her, which is proven by her firing a bullet through my right arm, on the least prevarication on my part to comply with her august orders. She vowed, after

sending that bullet through my arm, that the next time I hesitated, when she asked me to do a thing, she would shoot me through the heart. Now, I am not a coward, but discretion—

Miss A. Ha! ha! ha! [*Gives him a defiant look.*]

Dea. S. Yes, laugh, you miserable she-devil; but the next time I have business with you, I will fix you so you cannot do any harm to me or any one else, mind that. [*Now addressing the men.*] I was going to say that, under certain circumstances, discretion was the better part of valor; therefore, I obeyed the fiend and ingrate, and trusted to Providence, and you see He has favored me. [*He gives her a victorious look.*] as He always does the elect.

Miss A. You will see whom "He favors," if you live a little longer.

Dea. S. Never mind, my lady, I will be even with you yet. But this she-devil was not satisfied with shooting through this arm, but ordered me immodestly to take off my coat and hat, and give them to her ladyship. I even hesitated a moment, when she raised the pistol to my breast, and, undoubtedly, would have fired, had I not quickly obeyed; then she ordered me to tear a sheet to fragments and tie my own feet together, and make a loop and place my hands into it, when she had me secured as you have found me. [*Miss A. keeps her eyes on the pistol, whilst the P-in-C. holds it in hand, after taking it from the Deacon, and with a bound snatches it and jumps into a corner, points it at Deacon Stew's head*]

Miss A. Now leave speedily, all of you, or I will rid this world of a lot of the vilest cut-throats that ever breathed the breath of life. [*Exit all speedily.*]

SCENE III. *Christian Temple. Secret meeting of the "Order of Naturalists." DR. V. JUNO'S stirring speech to the Naturalists. [Groove 1.]*

Dr. Juno. DEAR BROTHERS: You all know what is incumbent upon every one of us in these troublous times. When the leaders of piety meet in secret conclave continually, for the purpose of subjugating those who behold God in Nature, and who recognize Nature to be the language through and by which an Infinite, Beneficent and immutable Creator speaks to us in scientific "arts," it is time that we gird on the armor, not only of defence, but of aggression. [*Applause.*]

"I ask each one of you then: Do we love *our* scientific, progressive teachings, and an infallible Creator as much as these vile *vipers* do their master—the devil—and his work? Do we fear them who can destroy the body, but cannot harm the soul of the just? Do we assume to be men, whilst we permit these serfs of the devil to usurp all power on earth, or will we strike for our rights, our homes, God and fixed law? [*Applause.*]

Brothers, now I am ready to lead you to the rescue of my betrothed wife, Miss Lucinda Armington. [*Tremendous Applause.*]

SCENE IV. *Insane Asylum. MISS L. ARMINGTON'S cell, but before entering, DEACON R. STEW gives directions to two of the keepers in corridor.*

Dea. Stew. George and William, I want you to take this pair of handcuffs and put them securely on the she-devil. Place her hands behind her back and fasten them tightly, so that she cannot slip them off. Also light the gas in her cell.

George. Your honor, we shall be careful and do matters rightly.
[*George and William enter cell.*]

Dea. S. Now, my proud tigress, [*Gleefully rubbing his hands.*] this time I will have you fast enough. Yes, and I have chosen the night for the gratification of my love.

George. Miss, we have business with you.

Miss A. Who's there? and what do you want at this unseasonable hour of the day? [*Sitting at her table, meditating. They advance without speaking.*] Stop, or I'll shoot you.

George. Your threats are barren, for your pistol is empty; we know what we are about. [*Instantly as he gets near her, she deals him a fearful blow on the head with the pistol, which sends him reeling. William now tries his hand, but also receives a blow that sends him dumb to the floor. George scrambles up.*] Miss Armington, we do not wish to harm you, nor did we come here of our own accord to insult you; but we were ordered here.

Miss A. Who ordered you, and what to do?

[*William on the floor groans.*]

George. You have killed him!

Miss A. What is that to me? and I kindly tell you, unless you leave me, I will kill you both, mark me!

[*Miss A.'s back is to the door, which is rattled by the Deacon, when George catches her elbows as she turns to see who is at the door.*]

Dea. S. Have you handcuffed her securely?

George. Yes, sir.

Dea. S. Then I will come in. [*Enters.*]

Miss A. Oh! you most miserable coward, I thought it was your pusillanimous work. [*Exit George and William, the latter staggering.*]

Dea. S. Truly, Miss, I made up my mind to be even with you. [*Miss A. is very docile.*] I intend to make you frequent visits at this hour, and in this manner. How do you like it?

Miss A. I'll throw him off his guard till I find a chance to punish him. [*Aside.*] Well, I suppose I must submit, because you certainly have me fully in your power.

Dea. S. You seem to appreciate that, do you? [*Rubbing his hands in glee.*] I mean to use you just as I please, since you refuse to become my wife; however I will again say, that if you voluntarily marry me, I will not force you; now choose between the two, for I shall conquer you.

Miss A. Do you think so?

Dea. S. I know so, for the Lord is always on the side of His elect. [*He now places his arm around her waist, pulls her to his breast; she permits it gracefully, only she turns her face aside, when he kisses her on the cheek, suddenly she takes his long ear into her mouth and bites it, until the Deacon fairly yells.*] Murder! Murder!

[*Miss A. holds on to his ear until his hot blood runs so thickly down over her face that it suffocates and causes her to swoon; she sinks to the floor, and the Deacon inclines over her prostrate form.*]

[*Enter DR. JUNO and Naturalists; JUNO flinging the DEACON aside.*]

Dr. J. Fiend! who are you, and what have you done to cause her to bleed? [*He lifts her up and gently lays her on the bed.*] Oh! my poor! poor! dearly beloved Lucinda.

Miss A. O God, where am I? Go away, you fiend, or I'll murder you yet!

Dr. J. [*Weeping.*] It is I, my precious darling, your own betrothed husband, fear nothing.

[*She stares with wild amazement.*]

Miss A. Great God, is i—t y—o—u? O let this not be a dream; I pray, I pray, great Father, let this not be a dream that will vanish with the awakening of my slumbers!

Dr. J. No, no, my precious one, it is not a dream, but a *bona fide* reality. [*He weeps like a child until his entire form shakes.*]

Miss A. Where is Deacon Stew?

Dr. J. What! May the curse of heaven and hell fall upon your lecherous carcass! [*Springing away from her, grasps the Deacon, and is just going to strike him; but, she screams.*]

Miss A. O Victor, come here. [*He obeys.*] Do not murder him, my dear Victor; leave him to heaven, and the wrath of his Maker. [*Rises from her bed.*]

Dr. J. Darling, your opportune words have saved his miserable life; but what has he done to you that you are so bloody?

Miss A. The blood that you see on me came from *his* body, not from mine. He had me handcuffed, and then he insulted me.

Dr. J. What! handcuffed you?

Miss A. Yes, and they hurt my wrists severely; please remove them, dear Victor.

Dr. J. Great heaven! you handcuffed, and I not see it: what a stupid fellow I am, but I will murder this foul demon; [*Looking daggers at him.*] soldiers, bind him like a felon, place his hands uncomfortably behind his back: look, like this poor young lady's are, only make them tighter, so he may receive his reward.

Have you the keys to these handcuffs, old hypocrite? [*To the Deacon.*]

Dea. S. Yes, sir; here they are.

Dr. J. [*Undoes.*] My darling, free once more from the shackles of these *bloody conspirators*, who shall be tortured nigh unto death, [*Looking at the Deacon.*] but shall yet live to feel their degradation, whilst they writhe in agony.

Dea. S. Mercy, O mercy! be merciful!

Dr. J. Merciful! ha! ha! ha! merciful to you; to you, a fiend, carrion, monster, cut-throat, ravisher of innocent, helpless women; you dare to ask for mercy at my hands again, and I will cut you to pieces by slow degrees, and cauterize every incision, you infamous dare-devil. [*Addressing her.*] My loved one, did he injure you?

Miss A. [*Blushing.*] No, sir!

Dr. J. It is well for him. How came he to bleed?

Miss A. He endeavored to kiss me, when I caught his ear by my teeth and punished him severely, holding on until I was exhausted, and until he pled for mercy.

Dr. J. Ha! ha! ha! you then, my brave heroine, have punished him even whilst handcuffed; this is rich! Brethren, away with him. [*Exit Naturalists and Deacon.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I. GEN. W. ARMINGTON'S *Drawing Room*. DR. JUNO and LUCINDA ARMINGTON *having a pathetic interview.* [*Groove 3.*]

Dr. J. Oh! what can I do for having brought so much misery upon you, my dear, my most precious Lucinda?

Miss A. Noble, brave, herculean hero, I love you a million times more for thinking so kindly of me; but do not worry about it.

Dr. J. But I have really been the cause of all the misery that you and your excellent father had to undergo; and you, dear saint, who have always had all you wanted or needed, have been taken away from everything that was delightful, and have been cast into a dungeon, been insulted, abused and tortured on *my* account!

Miss A. But listen, my precious one, I have found *you* by the loss you speak of; yes, for a brief period of suffering and loss of imaginary wants, I have gained a jewel that is worth more to me than kingdoms and worlds combined! Do not deem me a poor weak chit of a thing, but look upon me as a woman, who, knowing the right, dare also maintain it, and if the firmament overhead falls.

Dr. J. Holy Angel! [*Embracing and kissing her.*] you speak like an inspired oracle from Heaven.

Miss A. Yes, and who made me such but your noble self? [*Touching him tenderly under his chin.*]

Dr. J. [*Raising his head.*] Heaven be glorified for giving me this "help-meet;" now am I blessed, now am I crowned with glory, and I feel that ten thousand deaths would be painless with you by my side; you, whom I looked upon as a tenderly bred and lavishly raised child of affluence, have grown an inspired seraph, who can vitalize the dormant faculties of sage and sire; you, whose talismanic power and expansive mentality can teach me what I thought no woman could do; you, who are worthy to become the wife of a throned monarch, how can I ever repay you for this intrinsic heroism?

Miss A. Precious dear, you can repay me fully by continuing to love me, and no woman is happier than to see her lover act like a man of principle, and a man of honor, who would suffer and die for the right, as I am convinced you would, for you have already suffered the most cruel martyrdom; have gone through many dangers, but have been saved by a higher power. Is this not so?

Dr. J. Yes, sweet saint, I am yours body and soul, and yours alone forever. [*He presses her to his breast and kisses her.*]

SCENE II. TABERNACLE HALL. *Last meeting of the bloody Conspirators.* DEACON R. STEW making a speech. [Groove 2.]

Dea. S. Brothers and Sisters of the Sacredly Secret Conclave : this Dr. Juno has fairly tortured me ! We are besieged on all sides by those heretics who believe in and follow the teachings of Dr. Juno ; and unless we can exercise a powerful, unanimous influence with the orthodox religious classes, and also with those who deal in the merchandise to which Dr. Juno is opposed, we are lost.

Just think, I have been compelled to listen to the recital of "*our solemn oath*" by Dr. Juno himself, and, after he had finished its recital, he had the audacity to ask me :

"Deacon, how do you like my style of an oath ?"

And he looked at me with an eye that said :

"Don't I have your oath verbatim ?"

Prest. P. What did you answer him ? for I am actually feeling weak in my loins, [*Acts limber.*] to be compelled to listen to this dangerous story of Brother Stew.

Dea. S. I said nothing, because I was struck with amazement.

N. C. How does it come that you were found in company with this vile innovator ?

Dea. S. Do you not know that Dr. Juno mobbed the Insane Asylum one night, and liberated Miss Lucinda Armington ? [*Distressed.*]

N. C. Why, certainly, this is news to me, and I think it is so to the balance of the saints. Further, I cannot understand why he has not been arrested for so doing ; if he is not summarily punished for breaking the peace, and for intruding himself upon our holy institutions, he will grow bolder, and become a more dangerous rival in the field of conflict !

Prest. P. Noble Sister Clover, you argue well, and I tremble, fairly shake in my boots, at this awfully perilous state of affairs.

Dea. S. Friends, will you hear me out before you come to such conclusions. [*Dictatorially.*]

N. C. Of course we will.

Dea. S. Well, should we arrest Dr. Juno, as he dared us to do, *he* would profit by it, at *our* peril ; because Miss Armington is now at liberty, whilst Dr. Juno is surrounded by a numerous and determined army of soldiers, who obey his commands without prevarication or hesitation ; in fact, it is said that his men are ready to invade even this sacred hall and arrest us all, which would be an end of us.

Prest. P. [*Trembling with terror.*] Heaven ! look down from above and shield me ! Oh ! O Lord, I feel that we are lost ! lost ! lost ! I have always been fearful that we would make some awful blunders, and would be hung some day ! Oh ! Lord, I feel a choking sensation already.

N. C. You have always been a contemptible coward, and I order you to shut pan. If you cannot encourage the saints, do not discourage them ; but I want to hear our noble deacon finish what he has to say, when I will show you a plan to save our cause, and that will explode Dr. Juno's movements.

Prest. P. Noble, holy, immaculate Sister Clover, you do so comfort me and calm my fears, for I have never found you to fail in anything.

N. C. Silence, and let the deacon finish.

Dea. S. Dr. Juno knows all our secrets, but how he has obtained them I am puzzled to know; because I cannot believe that we have one brother or sister who would be wicked enough to violate our solemn oath, knowing what would be the result.

Prest. P. Yes, let them remember Harry Gossimer's fate.

Dea. S. I am not a coward, but since Miss Armington is at liberty, whilst Dr. Juno is surrounded by good and influential men, I must say that great danger is hanging over the sainthood. Still, I am in favor of rallying the friends of the elect all over the country; but I am myself a prisoner of war, being under parole, and should I be found to aid or abet in this movement, I would be mobbed, and shot or hung!

N. C. I cannot think it, nor can I see why you lay so much stress upon the freedom of Miss Armington. She is nothing but a chit of a thing, who has always depended upon her father, who is a confirmed lunatic.

Dea. S. Do not deceive yourself, noble Sister Clover, about Miss Armington, for she is anything but a "chit of a thing." She is a perfect demon, a tigress, a strategist, and a cunning, fierce, and deep woman, who will wield more influence by half than any living man if she gets a chance!

N. C. She shall not get a chance, then.

Dea. S. Then she will *make* a chance, for she has outwitted and outgeneraled me on every occasion. [*At this instant a furious knock at the door interrupted the speakers. Enter Dr. Juno and soldiers.*]

Dr. J. I arrest you all! [*The Conspirators resist, a battle ensues. The Naturalists conquering the Conspirators.*]

SCENE III. GENERAL ARMINGTON'S *Drawing Room.* DR. JUNO and LUCINDA ARMINGTON *conversing about the war.* [*Groove 3.*]

Miss A. Dear Victor, our wedding must then of a necessity be postponed again on account of the incoming war.

Dr. J. Yes, loved one; I cannot attend to anything now, but to prepare for cruel war! And this is the most cruel of all wars.

Miss A. Are you sure, precious darling, [*Leaning on his shoulder, weeping.*] that you have plenty of followers to war against this people, who claim to constitute the Government?

Dr. J. Certainly, my dear, the "Secret Order of Naturalists" are legion all over the Union, but they do not go by this name. It is good management to let the enemy think that we are feeble, when they will not make any great preparations to meet us in the field.

Miss A. My noble Victor, you truly are a great hero, and enthusiastic strategist. May you prove yourself as competent to overcome the enemy, as you have proved to persuade my mind that you are a Hercules.

Dr. J. And you are an angel, to encourage, appreciate and comfort the sincere reformer, a thing most needed at all times. I love

you ten thousand times more for your hearty co-operation in this great work.

Miss A. Thanks, darling, and I promise that if you should be so unfortunate as to fall in battle, or be taken prisoner, I will take your place.

Dr. J. [*Snatching her to his bosom.*] God bless you for that, my exquisite Lucinda. I am proud of you; and your heroic determination has fired my soul anew, and I shall go forth with more spirit than ever.

Miss A. My dear Victor, was it not an awful thing for Congress to accept bribes from the pharisees, to pass the Amendment of the Constitution, as if God had to be recognized in public documents.

Dr. J. Still, it is just what I wanted to see, because this overt act caused my ball to roll, and I now have an opportunity to issue my first War Proclamation.

Miss A. Are you then so anxious for war, my precious one?

Dr. J. Yes, the sooner it comes the better, so long as the right cannot conquer without it. So farewell, my dear betrothed wife, I feel fully convinced that we shall meet again. [*Embrace.*] Good bye! [*They part, but return and embrace.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I. GEN. ARMINGTON'S *Drawing Room.* MISS ARMINGTON receives a Telegram that DR. JUNO is lost. Reads it.

Miss A. Great heaven, a dispatch with our sign of death! [*Tears it open and reads.*] "Dr Juno was lost in last night's battle. Harry Gossimer." Now, O, now, I must be clear headed and make for headquarters. [*Rings for Judy McCrea. Enter Judy.*] Judy, my dear Victor is lost, and I must instantly go and take his place.

J. McC. Och! howly Saint Patrick, an' ye would not go tow be lost wid him? Am it not enough fur the dear Dochter tow be killed.

Miss A. Call Pat to me!

J. McC. I will, swate lady. [*Exit Judy.*]

Miss A. I shall take my faithful servants, Pat and Judy, with me. [*Enter they.*] Pat get the fastest horses ready, and yourself to boot, to carry us to the railroad depot. I must take Dr. Juno's place! He is lost.

P. O' C. Lost! [*Horror struck comically.*] Be me sowl! Yis, that dirty dacon be they cause ov it, I belave! An' will ye go an' fight? An ef ye do, I goes wid ye till the blud be as dape as me neck.

J. McC. Pat, darlin', ye wud be kilt, wud ye, an' lave me alone in this bluddy world?

Miss A. Judy, there is no time for trifling, get ready to start.

J. McC. Yis ma'am, an' I will.

P. O' C. An' I'll do the same ting. [*Exit Pat and Judy.*]

Miss A. God look down and comfort a bleeding heart. [*Weeps.*]

SCENE II. *Court Martial of the Conspirators at their head quarters in an uncouth apartment.* GENERAL ORTHOD, *President.* COL. SANCTIBLOWER, GENERALS LONGHEAD and WISDOM, CAPTAIN SAVAGE, and half a dozen others, besides soldiers, as Court officers. [*Groove 3.*]

Gen. Orthod. Gentlemen of the Commission, this man Juno has been badly wounded, but he is able to stand his trial. He is a brave fellow. Did you notice yesterday, when this Commission visited him in the hospital, how he thanked us for the kindness of granting him a trial by Court Martial?

Col. Stuckup. Yes, your honor, he thanked us for the opportunity of trial, having evidently expected we would shoot him without trial, as he does our men.

Capt. Savage. He will find that he will not have much to thank for, by the time we are through with him and his routed and ruined army.

Gen. O. Bring in the prisoner.

[*Enter Dr. Juno on crutches, guarded by four officers.*]

Gen. O. The Court is ready to proceed with the trial of the prisoner; are counsel ready to proceed.

Pros. Attorney. We are prepared to proceed.

[*Dr. Juno is ordered to stand up.*]

Gen. O. Victor Juno, you are charged with high treason and murder; how say you, guilty or not guilty?

Dr. J. Not guilty! [*In a cool and composed manner.*]

Gen. O. Dr. Juno, have you counsel engaged?

Dr. J. No sir; I will be fully competent to act as my own counsel.

Gen. O. The Court is ready to hear the case.

Pros. Attorney. Your honor, and Gentlemen of the Commission:—It becomes my painful duty to charge the prisoner at the bar, with felony of the highest grade.

Firstly—This indictment charges you with high treason, and inciting to mob law.

Secondly—It charges you with cold, premeditated murder of innocent persons, who have fallen into the hands of the rebel horde, which you claim to control.

Thirdly—It charges you with riot, robbery, and malfeasance of office.

The line of prosecution, which I propose to pursue, is that of the *second* charge, "*cold, premeditated murder,*" which is ample to find a verdict for the States for murder in the first degree, the penalty of which, in times of rebellion, is death by shooting. I will not ask this commission to hear useless testimony, neither will I take up their precious time with the discussion of the minor charges as found in this bill; but content myself with proving that you, Victor Juno, the prisoner at the bar, are guilty of shooting men dead, contrary to the usages of civilized life.

Will George Henry Adkinson take the witness' stand? [*Sworn.*]

G. H. A. I was in the next to this last battle, which was fought in the southern part of the State of Ohio. Myself and several thous-

and other soldiers of the Union were taken prisoners, and after the fray was over, as Dr. Juno's officers marched us toward headquarters of the prisoner at this bar (Dr. Juno), I slipped away and returned by good luck to our own army. The rest were all shot by the order of Dr. Juno.

Prosecuting Attorney. Were there any of our generals taken prisoners?

Witness. Yes; four.

P. A. Name them.

W. Generals Cadwell, Stew, Pancy and Pierce.

P. A. Were these four generals also shot?

W. Yes, sir.

P. A. Do you know whether our wounded men were kindly treated?

W. Yes, sir; they were very kindly treated, and were very skillfully doctored; were very soon cured up, but were shot as soon as well enough to stand upright.

P. A. Did this Dr. Juno, the prisoner at the bar, himself order them to be shot; and did he not give them a chance to defend themselves?

W. He did himself order all to be shot; but he gave them only this chance of defence, that they should voluntarily take his oath of allegiance, and go into his army at once, if well enough to do so; if they refused, they were shot.

P. A. Cross-examine.

Dr. Juno. Did you see any one shot, with your own eyes, in the manner you have stated to this commission?

W. No, sir; I did not see any one shot, but I was told so, and read your proclamation and army orders to that effect in the newspapers.

Dr. J. You should not swear to what you *hear*, or what you have read in the newspapers; it is not a sound doctrine. That will do; I have no more questions to ask.

WILLIAM N. SNIGGLEFRITZ, sworn.

P. A. What do you know of this man—the prisoner at the bar?

W. I know nothing but what I have heard and read in newspapers.

P. A. That is not legal evidence. That will answer.

Gen. Orthod. Mr. Snigglefritz, were you a soldier for the Union in this present conflict?

W. No, sir; not exactly a soldier, but I have been with the army.

Gen. O. What did you do with the army?

W. I sold liquor and tobacco.

Gen. O. To whom did you sell liquor and tobacco?

W. To any one that would buy.

Gen. O. If I catch you again at that work, I'll have you court-martialed; mind me.

W. Yes, sir.

GUSTAVE FIERCE, sworn.

P. A. Where are you from, and what do you know of Dr. Juno, the prisoner at the bar; tell us all about it? [*Fierce a rapid speaker.*]

W. I will. I was a spy in the army of the workingmen, and saw

all your drunken soldiers shot in battle and after battle. Dr. Juno was always doing his duty, and he was always sober, too; a thing that I cannot say of the Union army—

P. A. [*Interrupting him.*] Stop, Fierce; you talk entirely too fast, and too much that is irrelevant to the subject. Tell us, did you ever see or hear the prisoner shoot or order any one to be shot, who was a prisoner of war?

W. Yes, sir; I have seen the prisoners shot, and have heard the prisoner say to his men: Be sure you shoot well; aim well, shoot fair and quick. In fact, the prisoner is a practical, clear-headed and sober man, which is more than you can say—

P. A. Stop, stop—

W. Yes, sir, I'll stop, but—

Gen. O. You must not speak any more than you are asked—

W. I don't, for he told me to tell him all about this matter, and I simply complied with his request, and told him what I knew to be a live fact, for, really, I consider Dr. Juno the best soldier and purest man living.

P. A. Now stop, sir, or I'll send you to prison.

W. Oh, goodness! do you think that you can scare me with prisons? No, sir; I am a native born Naturalist, although I do not belong to the Secret Order of Naturalists, of which Dr. Juno is the founder and father.

P. A. That will do; I have no more to ask.

W. But I have not yet finished.

P. A. Never mind that, but go; leave the stand.

W. I won't do it.

Dr. Juno. Your honor, may I be permitted to cross-examine this witness?

Gen. O. Certainly, sir.

Dr. J. Mr. Fierce, were you in our army when Generals Caldwell, Stew, Pancy and Pierce were taken prisoners?

W. Yes, sir, indeed, I was at home at that hour.

Dr. J. Do you know if these Generals (Caldwell, Stew, Pancy and Pierce) are alive, or were they shot?

W. They were alive three days ago. You know that you retained them as hostages. [*Whispering and shocking surprise of the Court.*]

Dr. J. That will do.

[*Testimony closes on both sides.*]

HON. BLUSTER GIBBONS'—PROSECUTING ATTORNEY'S—SPEECH.

Gentlemen of the Commission: The duty is incumbent upon me, as a loyal man to my God, to the elect and to the country, to argue this case in such a manner as to do reverence to our holy cause.

Gentlemen, you have listened with great interest to the witnesses who were this morning examined. If we were not, each of us, fully assured that this Right Reverend, (?) this doctor of Divinity, and Doctor of Medicine and Psychology, was guilty of the crimes of riot, treason and cold-blooded murder, I should have more to say about the matter than I probably shall in the few remarks which I propose to submit to you in this case. If there were any symptoms

of insanity; if he had any slight signs of *not being compos mentis*, we might have some sympathy for the creature; but a *non compos mentis* could not wield the mighty influence for evil that this prisoner at the bar has done.

He is a self made demon, who can speak so plausibly to the masses as to cause them to believe that he is the most learned and wise man, when he is moved by Satan, guided by imps and sustained by the cheek of all that is infernal and damnable! Who, of you, my hearers, doubt this? Who of you doubt anything that I have said of this deliberate murderer?

I will wager all that is sacred to me that if this honorable Court will permit it, he will make an attempt in a harangue to justify himself in every crime that he has figured. He is so lost to decency and good breeding, that his conscience is seared, and it is only sport to the wretch to murder our innocent soldiers, and if he had *us* this moment in his power, as we have him, he would order us to be drawn into a line, and place a cannon at one end of the line, and blow us to glory like dogs; yes, like he did our soldiers in every battle where any of our men fell into *his* dastardly hands!

In conclusion, gentlemen of the commission, I do not wish to insult your intelligence, nor continue to argue with you as though you were also conscience-void, like this beast at the bar! Although he looks self-satisfied and composed, but I assure you that he is almost scared to death! Yes, I can at times see an expression on his countenance that shows his dread of the result of this just trial.

Let us make an example of this leader of the greatest mob of ruffians that ever breathed breath! Who are his followers and rioters? I will tell you: the greasy, dirty mechanic, the common laborer, the off-scouring of the land, who are not good enough for us to wipe our feet upon; yes, these stinking workingmen make up his so-styled army and navy, who have stolen our war implements by a series of secret society movements, knowing well enough that by fair means they could not have given us so much trouble.

Gentlemen, I am not going to doubt your morality, your virtue, your Christian graces. I am not going to suppose for a moment that you mean to stand by and justify this flagrant violation of law by any further remarks upon this subject of these atrocious wholesale murders. I shall simply present the testimony to you under the charge of rigid justice, and will ask you to find a verdict of guilty of *murder in the first degree!*

DR. JUNO'S GREAT, DEFIANT DEFENCE.

Mr. President and Gentlemen of the Commission:—As I am privileged to defend myself, permit me, in the onset of my remarks, to say that I shall not appear before you as a whining coward, nor shall I seek favors at your hands.

You have not proved anything against me upon which, according to stereotyped orthodox usages, you could find a verdict of guilty against me for murder in any degree; but I emphatically acknowledge that I have ordered all your men to be shot dead who were taken prisoners, and who would *not take our oath of allegiance and*

fight in our army and navy against you, after I exhorted them to do so, and gave them an opportunity to defend themselves. [Hisses and groans.]

I am aware that this course of warfare is looked upon by all nations as *outrageous*, but I am not controlled or guided by the opinion of this or any other nation, simply because this and every nation on the globe are governed more by customs or habits than principle.

War is always cruel, and thousands of innocent ones must suffer for the guilty, in such outrageous times; but the right always conquers in the end. It was such men as yourselves; yes, you and your proselytes that have caused this barbarous conflict, and it is *I* who had shot, and intend to have all your rebellious men speedily shot, when taken as prisoners; and if I die at your hands, Generals Caldwell, Stew, Pancy and Pierce die also; such have been my orders.

However, I feel that it would be best for my cause if you would shoot me; therefore, I resolutely and fearlessly defy you to shoot me. [*Cries of "Hear! hear!"*] If I should fall at your hands, it would cause such a holy indignation throughout the Union, amongst the sovereign people, the working people, whom the Hon. Bluster Gibbons styles, "the offscouring of the land, who are not good enough for you to wipe your feet upon," that they would wipe you out like slate-pencil marks. Yes I am fully convinced that I had better die at your hands; so find me guilty of anything, and vent your hypocritical spleen upon him who has been a "stumbling-block" in your unhallowed path, and then you will see the glory of God appear. [*Tremendous Applause.*]

I have done; and it remains for you to do as you see fit; in either case, *I* will be benefited. May God have mercy on your souls. [*Exit Dr. Juno under guard.*]

[*The Verdict and Sentence.*]

Gen. O. Well, gentlemen, I scarcely know what we had better do with this bold man; if we find him guilty of murder in the first degree, as we ought, and sentence him to be shot, we may prove to be our own worst enemies; for, assuredly, it will cause a mutiny in our ranks, which was plainly to be seen when Juno made that dare-devil speech. I say *not* guilty.

Col. S. I say guilty of all the charges. [*A high confusion now occurs, but the guilties carry by a great majority.*]

Gen. O. Then Gentlemen, as you have found him guilty of *murder in the first degree*, I order the officers to bring in the prisoner for sentence.

[*Enter DR. JUNO and four officers.*]

Gen. O. Dr. Juno, it is my painful duty to announce to you, that the Commission has found you guilty on all the charges. I am therefore compelled to pronounce the sentence, which is, that you be shot to-morrow morning at ten o'clock! May God have mercy on your soul!

Dr. J. [*Coolly.*] Thank you!

SCENE III. *Headquarters of the Army of the Naturalists.* MISS LUCINDA ARMINGTON at her post in camp as GENERAL. [*Groove 1.*]

Miss A. Soldiers, Dr. Juno is condemned to die to-morrow at ten in the morning! I have received a private dispatch to that effect. The entire Army and Navy must move at eight o'clock this evening, and if Providence is on our side, [*raising her eyes heavenward,*] my beloved Victor will yet be saved.

Soldiers. Hurra! Hurra! Hurra!

[*The drums beat and the furious sound of war is heard without.*]

Miss A. Soldiers, move cautiously and secretly upon the enemy, and deal him a permanent death blow; show no mercy to persistently rebellious souls, but send them hence in haste, and let particular terror reign throughout the country, until the last foe expires; and may God and the right have all the glory. [*Terrific Applause.*]

SCENE IV. *Headquarters of the Conspirator's Army.* DR. JUNO brought out to be shot, but the Army of the Naturalists arrive just in the nick of time to save him, and a terrible battle ensues, the Naturalists being victors. [*Whole Stage.*]

[*Enter a Captain and twenty soldiers.*]

Captain. Soldiers, the hour has come for the execution of a man who may be brave, but who has done much that is uncivilized; I therefore, charge you to aim direct for his heart, when I give the command, and penetrate it so thoroughly that an end of this cruel war may come. [*The soldiers are desponding in appearance, and manifest no enthusiasm in this work. Enter JUNO between guards, dressed in plain, neat attire.*]

Victor Juno, it grieves me that I am called upon to execute this sentence of the Court Martial, which is, that you be shot at this hour. If you have any wish to make known, or word to send, I should be happy to gratify you by hearing you express it, before the veil of death closes over you forever.

Dr. J. I have but one wish, [*He raises his eyes and casts them pitifully upon the soldiers who are to shoot him.*] and that is, that the cause of God and the poor misled people might conquer speedily. [*Turning to the Captain.*] Now, sir, I am ready to die!

Captain. Soldiers, prepare, aim——

[*Enter DEACON ROB STEW, terribly agitated.*]

Dea. S. Great heaven! Is Juno alive yet? The enemy is upon us in furious array. [*War without.*] Sum up all your soldiers quickly, and send them forth to repulse these demons. [*Exit the Captain and his soldiers. The DEACON looks at JUNO with scorn and attempts to murder him, by advancing toward him with drawn sword.*] You, infamous heretic, have escaped death again, but heaven has spared me to do the work.

[*Enter PAT O'CONNOR with a huge club, and kills the Deacon.*]

Pat. O'C. Begorra an' ye bluddy curmudgeon, tak that! [*JUNO recognizes PAT, they embrace.*]

Dr. J. Oh! dear Pat, [*Pointing to the Deacon,*] God and the right always conquer. Ha! ha! ha! [*Hysterically.*] Look Pat, our

would-be murderer is finished. [*In rushes the Army of the Naturalists, JUNO shouts.*] Free again, thanks to the Eternal Father! Come on, fellow Naturalists, I will lead you to victory. [*Exit all.*]

[*Enter ORTHODOX Officers.*]

Gen. O. Comrades, we are all lost, unless the people join us, which they won't do. To arms! *all!* Rouse the army, concentrate the forces, and strike vehemently. [*Exit, after which the final battle is fought, and the people aiding the Naturalists, cause the orthodox army to be slaughtered by the thousands, the leading officers of the latter being shot and pierced by swords. Juno at the head of his army appears unharmed in front, &c. Rev. Joe Pier, Dr. Toy Pancy, and all the leading Conspirators and Naturalists at head of the battle, the leading Naturalists killing the leading Conspirators. A TREMENDOUS SWORD COMBAT BY DR. JUNO AND GEN. ORTHOD.*] *

SCENE V. DR. JUNO and MISS ARMINGTON, are married; so also, are PAT O'CONNOR and JUDY MCCREA, and a scene of Eden gladness, in the shape of a transformation scene, closes the war, showing the dawn of the Millennium.]

[*DR JUNO sits on the Throne of Grace, and besides him, his wife; and on the side of MRS. JUNO, sit PAT and JUDY in apparent humility, satisfaction and love; whilst the Naturalists are plainly clad, and make up a picture of pure, beautiful, healthy and happy family. All this should appear to be in a garden, like Eden.*]

Dr. J. Beloved of mankind, we are now universally blessed with one faith, one interest, one heritage, one end, namely: happiness. May, therefore He, who is forever the same, have all the glory for ever and ever.

Mrs. J. My soul swells with a never-ceasing bliss, since the new era has been established, and I thank Heaven, my Victor, and these good people for the overflowing of my cup.

Dr. J. Let us praise God by uplifting our voices in an anthem of thanksgiving!

[*They all sing, whilst a brilliant transformation of features, &c., takes place, or ascending of VICTOR and LUCINDA.*]

THE END.

* The Play may end here, unless a Transformation Scene is desired.

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
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OF THE

THE SOCIAL WAR OF 1900,

ACT I—SCENE 1. Tabernacle Hall. Plotting of the Conspirators. **SCENE 2.** Gen. Armington's Residence. Deacon Stew, the villain, at Miss Armington's sick-bed, hoodwinking the innocent. **SCENE 3.** Pat O'Conner gains the Deacon's confidence. **SCENE 4.** Library of Gen. Armington. Pat O'Conner informs Miss Armington of the conspiracy to murder Dr. Juno, her lover. Miss A's heroic resolution to save Juno. **SCENE 5.** Juno's Residence. Miss Armington on a mission of mercy in disguise. Victor Juno declares his love for Lucinda Armington. Love reciprocate! Secret plot to murder Victor discovered and revealed by Lucinda. Dream of Victor. **THE HOUSE SURROUNDED BY AN ARMY OF MEN.** Tableau. **SCENE 6.** Tabernacle Hall. Further conniving of the Conspirators to destroy Juno. Conspirators chagrined at the escape of Miss Armington. Plan to ruin her reputation. **SCENE 7.** Crowded Theatre—vast assemblage. Dr. Juno's seathing speech on the "Rock upon which 'The Church' spilt." Conspirators present. **TERRIFIC RIOT BY THE AUDITORS.** Dr. Juno firm in his belief to the last. **GRAND TABLEAU.**

ACT II—SCENE 1. Gen. Armington's Residence. Deacon Stew attempting to secure the General's assistance to ruin Juno. General overcome with grief at the reported elopement of Juno with his daughter—Lucinda. Nancy Clover and Deacon Stew glory in duping the Gen'l. **SCENE 2.** Insane Asylum. Lucinda Armington incarcerated in a cell. Dr. Juno, also imprisoned in a dungeon. Prayer of Lucinda. Appearance of the villain, Stew, in disguise. Juno in a dreamy state beholds the spectre of General A. Visitation of the good Angel. The Emblems! Deacon Stew's overtures to Miss A. Severe castigation of the Deacon by Miss A. **SCENE 3.** Garden of Gen. Armington. Pat O'Conner blarneys the Deacon. Discussing the question of abducting Dr. Juno and Miss Armington. Pat ready for a fight with the Deacon. **SCENE 4.** Insane Asylum. Jemmy, the faithful, giving Juno the implements to free himself. The Deacon's second visit to Miss A. Torturer of innocence. **JUNO'S STRUGGLE FOR LIFE WITH THE NIGHT WATCHMAN!** Escape of Juno. Tableau.

ACT III—SCENE 1. Street Scene. Dr. Juno addressing a large audience on Church and State; showing the corruption of their leaders, and the down-trodden condition of the people thereby. **SCENE 2.** Insane Asylum. Miss Armington still an inmate. The Deacon's third visit. The pistol. "Now stand back or I'll shoot you." The Deacon shot by Miss Armington. The OATH. The binding and gagging of the villainous Deacon. Keepers of the asylum on the alert. The disguise for escape. Statement of Miss A. to the Physicians. The villain foiled. Innocence Triumphant! Tableau. **SCENE 3.** Christian Temple. Meeting of the "Secret Order of Naturalists." Stirring speech of Juno before mobbing the Insane Asylum. **SCENE 4.** Insane Asylum. The Deacon and his confederates at work. Handcuffing Miss Armington. Struggle with the Deacon, Miss Armington biting his ear until he screams murder. Juno's appearance on the spot. **THE CURSE.** "Victor do not murder him; leave him to heaven and the wrath of his Maker!" "Free once more from the shackles of these bloody Conspirators." Tableau.

ACT IV—SCENE 1. Gen. Armington's Drawing Room. Pathetic interview between Victor and Lucinda. His unfeigned love for her, which she reciprocates. **Scene 2.** Tabernacle Hall. Last secret meeting of the Conspirators. Demoniacal plotting. Dr. Juno arrests the Conspirators. Tableau. **Scene 3.** Gen. Armington's Drawing Room. Victor and Lucinda conversing about the incoming war. Farewell before taking the field of battle. Tableau.

ACT V—SCENE 1. The General's Residence. Miss Armington receives a Telegram that Juno is lost. Reads it. Miss Armington now prepares to take Juno's place as General. **Scene 2.** Headquarters of the Army of the Conspirators. Juno tried and convicted by Court Martial. Curious incidents. Juno's defiant defence. The Sentence of death. Juno cool and collected to the last. **Scene 3.** Headquarters of the Army of the Naturalists. Miss Armington at her post as General. She arouses the Army of the Naturalists to the top of their bent. "Strike until the last foe expires!" **Scene 4.** Headquarters of the Army of the Conspirators. Juno to be shot. Death of Deacon Stew at the hands of Pat O'Conner. **GRAND AND TERRIFIC BATTLE** between the Conspirators and Naturalists. **TREMENDOUS SWORD COMBAT** by Juno and Gen. Orthod! Lucinda in the arms of her victorious Victor. **GRAND TABLEAU.**

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NOTICES FROM THE

OF THE THRILLING PROPHET

THE SOCIAL WAR OF 1900!

BY SIMON M. LANDIS, M. D.

Another immense crowd last night witnessed the performance of the new drama by S. M. Landis, M. D., entitled, "The Social War of 1900; or, The Conspirators and Lovers," in which Dr. Landis appeared as the gallant hero, Victor Juno. The Doctor acted with much power and carried everything before him. This play has made a marked hit, and is the sensation of the hour. [Phila. All-Day City Item.]

If persons desire to enjoy a rich fund of amusement, they should witness the "Social War of 1900." [Phila. Public Record.]

Great excitement and grand reception last night, and thunders of applause, for the great drama of "The Social War of 1900." [Phila. Public Ledger.]

The new drama "The Social War of 1900; or, the Conspirators and Lovers," has drawn the largest audiences of the season, and has clearly made a popular success. [Sunday Item.]

The attendance last week was very large, much curiosity being manifested to see Dr. Landis in his new drama. [N. Y. Clipper.]

Dr. Landis' "Social War" Sensation drew overflowing houses at Philadelphia, during the past week. His prosperous engagement terminated on March 14, 1874. (N. Y. Mercury.)

Dr. Landis, the great actor was in his glory; the Manager was delighted, because the house was packed night after night. Those who did not see this performance missed a rare treat. (Sunday Times.)

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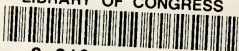
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